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Violet Verses



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BY

LILLIAN HOPWOOD WARD

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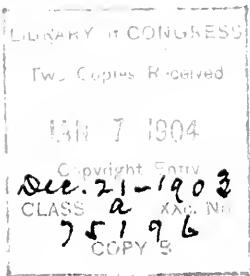
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From the
press of The
White-Ebans-
Penfold Co'y
in Buffalo

These verses few I've named for you,
O timid little flower.
May they suggest all that is best,
And share your gentle power.
Lillian Hopwood Ward.

The Lily and the Violet

THE lily stood in mournful mien
And could not help repining;
She felt so stiff and cold and pale,
Although the sun was shining.

What though her chalice was so pure,
What though her heart was golden,
She knew she lacked the truest worth
For which to be beholden.

She kept aloof from other flowers,
She would not share their pleasure;
Though timidly they turned to her
To plead for other measure.

The weeds, with hers their poorer lot
And homelier way comparing,
Had made her feel that even they
Had treasure worth the sharing.

A robin gayly greeted her,
In wealth of song uniting
The sweetest tones, the richest thought,
Of his own heart's inditing.

The sun had smiled when he beheld
The lily's dewy chalice,
And kissed her with his own warm lips
To drive away her malice.

She slowly drooped her weary head
As in the days declining
She felt that some sweet influence
Was for her good combining.

A zephyr softly stirred the grass—
The lily, slightly bending,
Saw there a timid violet
Its joy and sweetness lending.

The lily loved the violet
Because it was contented
And took from it the message that
From others she resented.

The timid little violet
Cared not for self's own pleasure
But gently gave its fragrant grace
To fill another's measure.

The Cupid Clock

LITTLE Cupid has come with a clock in his hand,

And a serious look on his face.

E'er so lightly and daintily poised, see him stand

With such sweet indefinable grace.

And as Clotho is holding the distaff of life

And Lachesis is spinning its thread,

Little Cupid is guiding through all of its strife,

In the way that God wills me be led.

While old time gliding swiftly and steadily on —

Never pausing for one who is slow —

So relentlessly hastens the minutes along,

Cupid bids me be ready to go.

Yes, he lovingly bids me to wake, or to sleep,

Or to do that which ought to be done.

Through the rest of my life, he will carefully keep watch

And record every victory that's won.

And this same little Cupid, in league with old time,

Will take note of each thought that's too late,

Till Atropos shall cut, at the moment sublime,

The fine thread that has measured my fate.

To You, Dear Heart

YOUR face is serious now, dear heart,
The old bright smile is gone.
The voice that once was soft and gay
Has now a deeper tone.

Those eyes that once with laughter gleamed
Are now grown gently grave,
And lines upon your face make known
That you are true and brave.

'Twas when care met with you, dear heart,
That first the shadows came,
And since that time your winding way
Has never been the same.

'Twas then the full deep light of truth
So changed your dear, dear face,
And gave to it that tenderness
That ever keeps its place.

There came a wealth of earnest love
To share with all mankind.
A quiet, generous, gentle grace
With courage close combined.

A true and earnest self, dear heart,
Awoke in you that day,
And patient thought for others came
As you pursued your way.

The softened smile upon your face
Is dearer still, dear heart,
Revealing thus the noble soul
In which our God has part.

Congeniality

HIS soul is like the great north wind,
 Intense, and stern, and cold;
He loves to feel the storm's embrace,
 So wrathful, strong and bold.

The storm, to him, is like himself
 In humor and in mood;
Yet every storm, however fierce,
 With kindness is imbued.

The while it plays him rough and free,
 It takes away his care;
Thus, in his joys and sorrows too,
 The storm has rightful share.

“Do it Now”

IF you've aught against one, say it ;
Leave him not to wonder why
He is met with looks of coldness —
Seeing, yet unseeing eye.

Tell him that you think he's wronged you —
It may be 'twas all unmeant,
And the cause that you have cherished,
One your own conclusion lent.

He may feel no need of speaking,
Trusting that he's done his best,
Searching for your motive vainly —
Waits for you to do the rest.

He feels hurt at your unkindness —
Longs to call you friend once more.
Will you thus to keep him waiting ?
Will you not unlock the door ?

Meet him there with gentle greeting,
Tell him why you've passed him by ;
He'll explain to you his action,
With a pained and truthful eye.

Passing clouds give way to brightness,
Winter's cold gives way to heat ;
Let your clouds roll by forever,
And your trust be made complete,
While your eyes give friendly greeting
And your hands in friendship meet.

The Thoughtless Word

HOW large the little word is—
The thoughtless word we say,
That can eclipse the sunshine
From out another's day.
We never can recall it,
It is so big with wrong,
The distance it has traveled
Is very, very long.
We sadly think upon it
And wish it were unsaid,
Nor wonder at the sadness
That on our heart is shed.
The one we wrong forgives us,
And God grants pardon, too ;
But still a little shadow
Is cast on me and you.

A Glorious Fourth

THE firecracker gallantly tears off
 Its jacket of well-meaning red,
Torpedoes each burst in their gladness,
 Each bombshell with joy cracks its head,
The blue-light its lurid hue giveth,
 The chaser its fiery path makes,
The candle sends forth balls of color,
 The rocket its forceful curve takes,
The pin wheel whirls gayly in gladness,
 Its sparks all in finest forms fall,
While the cannon breaks into thunder,
 Intending to outdo them all.
Balloons in their triumph ascending,
 How gayly ride out on the breeze !
Each form of our fireworks is doing
 Its best and its loudest to please.
How clear is the laughter of children,
 How hearty the aged man's shout ;
While bells are a tuneful song ringing,
 And flags flap in most joyous bout !
Some think all this noise is quite useless,
 While others are stirred by its might.
It shows the American loveth
 His dearly won freedom and right.

October

OCTOBER, with her hazy views
Enhanced by many rainbow hues,
Prepares a great and goodly cheer
To help us through the coming year.
She puts to sleep each tiny seed,
And ripens fruit for future need.
She from each gleaning stores the best,
And gives a time for welcome rest.

The month that is, may pass away.
Its purpose served, why need it stay ?
The one best suited takes its place,
And gives the earth a fairer face.
And so, in passing one by one,
The months do wisely what is done ;
And each in turn is welcomed back,
For each one has what others lack.

A Knolning Elf

IN an old galvanometer dwelt a queer elf
That could sway the long pointer to suit its small self.
When, a student, I begged it desist from its pranks,
It just perched on the needle and said, "Oh, no, thanks!"
And it doffed its peaked cap and it bowed as it said,
"Don't you know how this indicant ought to be read?"
And that taunting young elf, as I deigned no reply,
Only danced on the needle and winked its bright eye.
All around went that pointer—the elf, all in red,
Gaily climbed on and twisted the very fine thread.
All impatient I called to my teacher for aid,
While the elf laughed, "Ha, ha! So you think I'm afraid!"
But the teacher saw nothing to cause my delay,
As that mischievous elf had just scampered away.
From its place of concealment peeped its bright eyes
With a look all too seriously goody and wise.
"The old needle won't move as it should," I declared;
So he shook it, looked closely, pronounced it repaired.
But as soon as he left me, that elf, coming out
From its hiding, began on a still gayer bout.
Once again that old needle went frisking around,
Or it moved not at all, till my wrath knew no bound.
Oh, I shook it, enraged that my work was not done,
That I had of the "Readings" I needed, not one!
Still the merry elf pranced and its laughter was gay,
Then it spoke to me softly—I heard its voice say:
"I am placed here to teach you a lesson you need.
If you're patient and gentle, why then you may read."
In the old galvanometer dwells that same elf,
But the "Readings" God takes while I point for myself.

Mother's Face

ON mother's face the care-lines rest,
Her eyes are wearied, too;
But, oh, it has a look so kind,
So tender, sweet, and true!

In that dear face is God's own love,
And messages from Heaven.
In every patient, gentle, glance,
There is a lesson given.

That face is truly beautiful,
Which, when we scan it o'er,
Reveals to us a precious thought
That was not ours before.

To a Brahe Boy

HAVE you told your mother, Willie,
Told her of the wrong you've done?
Have you told her of the struggle —
And the victory you have won?

He who dares to conquer evil,
He who dares to do the right,
Is a victor worthy honor
As a true and noble knight.

Evil ones may mock and jeer you,
Yet they know that you are strong.
While they laugh, in truth, they fear you,
Know themselves that they are wrong.

We that love you, love you better
For each brave and noble deed ;
And we honor, we respect you,
One may follow where you lead.

We are each in you confiding,
Trusting you to do your best;
For your truth has just been proven,
You have nobly passed the test.

Have you told your mother, Willie,
So that she may feel this joy ?
Is she not both proud and happy
That the hero is her boy ?

God knows all about it, Willie,
It was He that made you strong.
And through Him you will forgive them
Who have led you into wrong.

And there's sweetness in forgiving,
As there's joy in doing right;
And in making others happy
You have found a pure delight.

The Strongest

THE strongest wins — ah, yes — 'tis true.
But who is strong, I would ask you ?

The one whose form shows perfect health ?
The one who wins by means of wealth ?

The one who lightly overpowers —
Whose great endurance braves the hours ?

The one who dares great danger face
And in its midst takes foremost place ?

The one who by far-reaching thought,
For public good great wonders wrought ?

Such heroes — and they are not few —
Deserve their laurels, it is true.

But is he not the strongest one
Who hath a noble duty done ?

Who in his corner — urged to wrong —
Hath dared defy, hath dared be strong ?

Who in a simple, quiet, way
Hath dared that little "No!" to say ?

"Regents"

THERE is silence in the schoolroom
When the Regents' work is on,
All the constant little tumults —
All the dear confusion gone.

As I watch the anxious faces,
Each with earnestness supreme ;
As I watch the pen's quick motion
Oh, it seems it were a dream !

Three long hours of deathly stillness
Broken by the loud tick tock
Of the seconds quickly passing
As they're told out by the clock !

Just one pen is scratching fiercely,
Racing with my Katie's thought
Is a task by which his penship
Knows he soon must come to naught.

Mamie's hand is moving slowly
But I know her thoughts are strong,
And her work when it is finished
Will have little that is wrong.

How anxiety is deepening !
It is near the closing hour !
The intensity of purpose
Reaches now its utmost power.

But the spell at last is broken —
All the papers given in.
Oh, how many things are thought of
That are not but might have been !

My Garden

I'M laying out a garden small,
And causing some good seeds to fall.
I'm weeding, training, all day long,
That my dear plants may grow more strong.
Their blossoms I may never see,
On some a flower may never be;
But when I see a leaf expand,
Or when I guide some tendril hand,
I like to feel that it has grown
From one small seed that I have sown.
As in the parable of old,
Not all the seeds I sow are told;
There is so much that I would do,
The things accomplished are so few!
My garden is the dear, old, school;
Its plants, the children that I rule,
And pleasure comes whene'er I see
Their well-known faces turn to me.

The Trolley Car

THE trolley car bumping and swaying along
Keeps time to its own weird electrical song.
When all are aboard and the bell has rung twice,
The door slides in place and we're off in a trice.
It thumps over switches in merriest way,
Then evenly glides with a soft, soothing sway.
It swings round the corner with rollicking roll
And has to be careful or off comes its pole.
With whizzing, and whirring, and jingling of bells,
The trolley runs on and its merriment tells.
It sighs as it comes and it sings as it goes
The merry old song that most everyone knows.
The conductor is cheerful, kind, and polite;
The motorman, earnest, and careful, and right.

Yes, that's when we have all the time that we need
And are to its passing not giving least heed.
But when we would hurry the car is so slow,
Impatient, we cry out, "Why doesn't it go?"
Perhaps it goes by us and leaves us to wait,
We glare at the crew with surprise, or with hate.
It comes to the corner at just the right time,
We hasten to take it with smiles quite sublime
If, when we are waiting it isn't in sight,
We anxiously watch for its name or its light.
The trolley car really has all of man's ways
And most of them daily it clearly betrays.
It helps and it hinders, it makes great ado,
It teases and pleases, it angers us, too.

But when it breaks down we just hasten away.
"That other will take us," is all that we say.

To the Snowflakes

LITTLE snowflakes, softly falling,
Like a blessing from above,
Give to us your silent greeting
Full of peace, and joy, and love.

Little snowflakes, pure and playful,
You are romping with the wind,
Whirling, floating, chasing, resting,
Graceful, gentle, not unkind.

Little snowflakes, white and dainty,
You are welcome as you fall,
Bringing messages from Heaven
From the One who loves us all.

After Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING Day has come and gone.
 The turkey did full well
To please the people, every one,
 For whose repast he fell.

Among the poor, perhaps the more,
 True thankfulness was found,
Than 'twas within the rich man's door
 Where plenty doth abound.

Oh thankful hearts, indeed, had they.
 They felt their Father's love,
And He who helps them on their way,
 Prepares a home above—

Where rich and poor alike will be,
 Where want will not be known,
Where every one from care quite free
 May kneel before God's throne.

Such days as this help us to bear
 The darkness of our way.
As beacon lights set here and there,
 They guide us to the Day.

We pause and think of God's great love,
 Of blessings we've received.
Our sorrows take to Him above,
 And straightway feel relieved.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone,
 We've met those who are dear.
Oh may we greet them, every one,
 When comes this day next year !

Christmas Bells

HAPPY, happy bells are ringing
On this holy Christmas morn.
Joyfully the tidings bringing
Of a Saviour who is born.

Oft we've heard this old, old story
But its words are ever dear.
Ring it out with new found glory;
Ring it loud that all may hear.

Into tender sweetness gliding,
Tell of wise-men that were led—
Mystic star so softly guiding—
To the Christ-child's lowly bed.

A Happy New Year

A HAPPY new year to you.

May all who are dear to you

Remain ever near to you

Throughout its days.

Bid evil depart from you,

Keep frowns all apart from you,

Thus lighten the heart of you—

Seek the best ways.

May treasures reserved for you

Be closely observed by you,

May each be deserved by you

When it is found.

They sparkle quite near to you,

When seen they are dear to you,

Though oft all is drear to you,

Search not the ground.

The jewels most rare to you,

The flowers most fair to you,

Sweet voices declare to you,

God will bestow.

Let conscience decide for you,

Your heart be a guide for you;

And peace will abide with you,

Joy you will know.

May happiness dwell with you,

May all things be well with you,

May every move tell for you,

Let there be cheer.

May this be a bright new year,

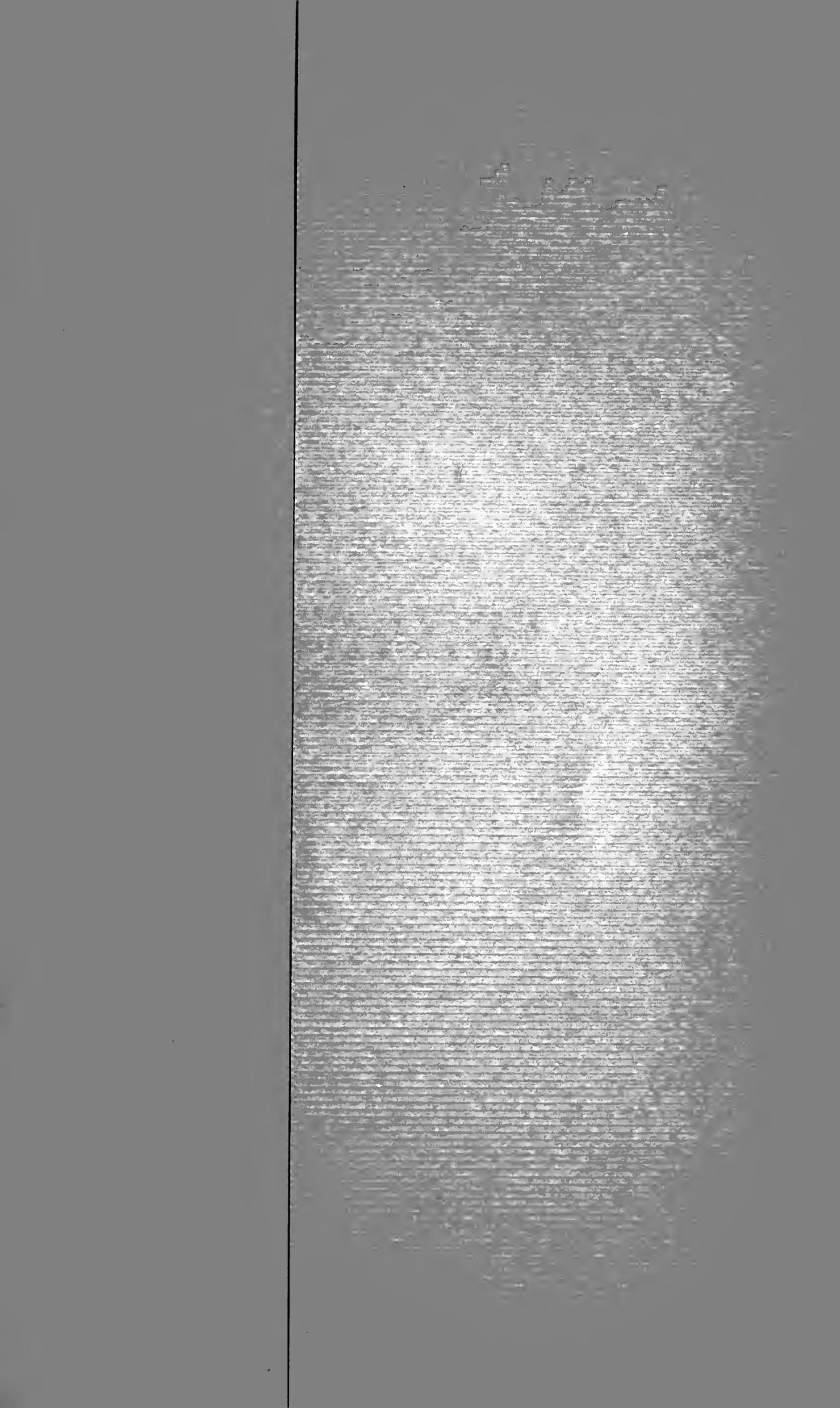
A swift-moving, light new year,

A high-ruling right new year—

Happy New Year!

JAN 7 1904

Violet, of all the spectrum,
Thy ray is most refrangible.
Violet, of all the blossoms,
Thy meaning most intangible.



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